A man at leaſt,and more I cannot be,
And men may talke of Kings;and why not I?
Keep. I,but thou talkeſt as if thou wert a King thy ſelfe.
Hen. Why ſo I am in minde,though not in ſhewe.
Keep. And if thou be a King,where is thy Crowne?
Hen. My crowne is in my heart,not on myhead.
My crowne is cald Content;a crowne that Kingos do ſeldme times enioy.
Keep. And if thou be a King,Crownd with Content,
Your crowne content,and you,muſt be content
To go with vs vnto the officer: for as we thinke,
You are our *quondam* King, *K.Edward* hath depoſde:
And therefore we charge you in Gods name & the Kings,
To go along with vs vnto the Officers.
Hen. Gods name be fulfild,your Kinges name be obayde,
And be you Kinges: commaunde, and Ile obay.

Exeunt Omnes.

Enter King Edvvard,Clarence,and Glocester,Montague, Haſtings,and the Ladie Gray.

K.Ed. Brothers of *Clarence*,and of *Glocester*,
This Ladies husband heere,Sir *Richard Gray*,
At the battaile of Saint *Albones* did loſe his life,
His landes then were ſeazed on by the Conqueror:
Her ſute is now to repoſſeſſe thoſe lands,
And ſith in quarrell of the houſe of *Yorke*,
The noble gentleman an did loſe his life:
In honour we cannot denie her ſute.
Glo. Your Highneſſe ſhall do well to graunt it then.
K.Ed. I,ſo I will,but yet Ile make a pauſe.
Glo. I,is the winde in that dore?
Clarence,I ſee the Ladie hath ſomthing to graunt,
Before the King will graunt her humble ſute.
Cla. He knowes the game,how well he keepes the winde.
K.Ed. Widdow,come ſome other time to know our mind.
La. May it pleaſe your Grace,I cannot brooke delayes,
I beſeech your Highneſſe to diſpatch me now.
K.Ed. Lords giue vs leaue,we meane to trie this widdows wit.
Cla. I,good leaue haue you.

Glo.

Glo. For you will haue leaue,till youth take leaue,
And leaue you to your crouch.
K.Ed. Come hither widdow:How many Children haſt thou?
Cla. I thinke he meanes to beg a Child on her.
Glo. Nay whip me then,hee'l rather giue her two.
La. Three my gratious Lord.
Glo. You ſhall haue ſouere and you will be rulde by him.
K.Ed. Were it not pittie they ſhould loſe their Fathers lands?
La. Be pittifull then dread L.and grant it them.
K.Ed. Ile tell thee how theſe lands are to be got.
La. So ſhall you binde me to your highneſſe ſeruice.
K.Ed. What ſeruice wilt thou do me,if I graunt it them?
La. Euen what your Highneſſe ſhall commaund.
Glo. Nay then Widdow Ile warrant you all your husbands lands,
If you graunt to do what he commaundes.
Fight cloſe,or in good fayth you catch a clap.
Cla. Nay I feare her not,vnleſſe ſhe fall.
Glo. Marie gods-forbot man,for heele take vantage then.
La. Why ſtops my Lord?ſhall I not know my taske?
K.Ed. An eaſie taske; tis but to loue a King.
La. Thats ſoone performd,becauſe I am a ſubiect.
K.Ed. Why then, thy husbands lands I freely giue thee.
La. I take my leaue,with many thouſand thankes.
Cla. The match is made,ſhe ſeales it with a curteſie.
K.Ed. Stay Widdow,ſtay: What loue doſt thou thinke I ſue ſo much to get?
La. My humble ſeruice,ſuch as Subiectes owes,
and the lawes commaundes.
K.Ed. No by my troth, I meane no ſuch loue,
But to tell thee the troth,I aime to lie with thee.
La. To tell you plaine my Lord,I had rather lie in priſon.
K.Ed. Why then thou canſt not get thy husbands lands,
La. Then mine honeſtie ſhall be my dower,
For by that loſſe,I will not purchaſe them.
K.Ed. Herein thou wrongſt thy children mightilie.
La. Herein your Highneſſe wronges both them and me:
But mightie Lord,this merrie inclination,
Agrees not with the ſadneſſe of my ſute.